"The Glory of God is intelligence."

A WELCOME INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO YOU
AND YOUR FRIENDS TO ATTEND THE

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

—— OF THE ——

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

(LIVERPOOL CONFERENCE),

TO BE HELD IN THE

EMBEE HALL, AVENHAM STREET,

PRESTON,

On SUNDAY, OCT. 25th, 1908,

Services commencing at 10.30 a.m. ; 2.0 and 6.0 p.m.

CHARLES W. PENROSE,

(President of the European Mission),

And Other Missionary Elders will Speak.

Hymns and Sacred Solos will be rendered at each Service.

Now I say unto you, that ye must repent, and be born again ; for the Spirit saith, if ye are not born again ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven ; therefore come and be baptized unto repentance, that ye may be washed from your sins, that ye may have faith on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, who is mighty to save and to cleanse from all unrighteousness ; yea, I say unto you, come and fear not, and lay aside every sin, which easily doth beset you, which doth bind you down to destruction, yea, come and go forth, and shew unto your God that ye are willing to repent of your sins, and enter into a covenant with him to keep his commandments, and witness it unto him this day, by going into the waters of baptism.—BOOK OF MORMON, ALMA, 7: 14-15.

ALL INVITED. SEATS FREE. NO COLLECTION.

W. S Heane, Printer, Preston.

1

Redeemer of Israel,
Our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call—
Our shadow by day,
And our pillar by night,
Our King, our Deliv'rer, our all!

We know he is coming
To gather his sheep,
And lead them to Zion in love,
For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or in the lone wilderness rove?

How long we have wandered
As strangers in sin
And cried in the desert for thee!
Our foes have rejoiced
When our sorrows they've seen,
But Israel will shortly be free

As children of Zion,
Good tidings for us,
The tokens already appear,
Fear not and be just,
For the Kingdom is ours,
The hour of redemption is near

2

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way,
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! all is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so, all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! all is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West,
Where none shall come to hurt nor make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed
We'll make the air with music ring,—
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! all is well!

3

Behold the great Redeemer die,
A broken law to satisfy,
He dies a sacrifice for sin,
That man may live and glory win.

While guilty men his pains deride,
They pierce His hands and feet and side,
And with insulting scoffs and scorns
They crown his head with plaited thorns

Although in agony he hung,
No murm'ring word escaped His tongue—
His nigh commission to fulfil,
He magnified His Father's will.

"Father, from me remove this cup,
Yet, if Thou wilt, I'll drink it up,
I've done the work Thou gavest me—
Receive my spirit unto Thee"

He died, and at the awful sight
The sun in shame withdrew its light!
Earth trembled, and all nature sighed
In dread response, "a God has died!"

He lives—He lives, we humbly now
Around these sacred symbols bow
And seek, as Saints of latter days,
To do His will and live His praise

4

High on the mountain top
A banner is unfurled,
Ye nations, now look up,
It waves to all the world
In Deseret's sweet, peaceful land—
On Zion's mount behold it stand!

For God remembers still
His promise made of old,
That he on Zion's hill
Truth's standard would unfold,
Her light should there attract the gaze
Of all the world in latter days.

His house shall there be reared,
His glory to display,
And people shall be heard
In distant lands to say,
"We'll now go up and serve the Lord,
Obey his truth, and learn his word,

For there we shall be taught
The law that will go forth,
With truth and wisdom fraught,
To govern all the earth;
For ever there his ways we'll tread,
And save ourselves with all our dead."

5

How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.

Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

6

Arise, O glorious Zion,
  Thou joy of latter days,
Whom countless Saints rely on,
  To gain a resting place,
Arise, and shine in splendor,
  Amid the world's deep night,
For God, thy sure defender,
  Is now thy life and light

Let faithful Saints be rearing
  The city of our Lord,
On mountain tops appearing,
  According to his word—
A sought-out habitation,
  By men of truth and faith—
A covert of salvation
  From ignorance and death

The Temple, long expected,
  Shall stand on Zion's hill,
By willing hearts erected,
  Who love Jehovah's will
Let earth her wealth bestowing,
  Adorn his holy seat,
For nations great shall flow in,
  To worship at his feet.

O grant, Eternal Father,
  That we may faithful be,
With all the just to gather,
  And thy salvation see,
Then with the hosts of heaven
  We'll sing the immortal theme—
To him be glory given,
  Whose blood did us redeem.

7

Come, all ye sons of Zion
  And let us praise the Lord,
His ransomed are returning,
  According to his word,
In sacred songs and gladness
  They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
  To see the latter day.

Come, ye dispersed of Judah,
  Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing,
  The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended,
  On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous
  In these the latter days.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
  And let your joys abound,
The voice of God shall reach you
  Wherever you are found,
And call you back from bondage,
  That you may sing his praise
In Zion and Jerusalem,
  In these the latter days.

Then gather up for Zion
  Ye Saints throughout the land
And clear the way before you,
  As God shall give command
Though wicked men and devils,
  Exert their power, 'tis vain,
Since He who is eternal
  Has said you shall obtain.

8

We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet,
  To guide us in these latter days,
We thank thee for sending the Gospel
  To lighten our minds with its rays,
We thank thee for every blessing
  Bestowed by thy bounteous hands;
We feel it a pleasure to serve thee,
  And love to obey thy commands.

When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us,
  And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling brightly before us
  And we know that deliv'rance is nigh,
We doubt not the Lord, nor his goodness,—
  We've proved him in days that are past
The wicked who fight against Zion
  Will surely be smitten at last.

We'll sing of his goodness and mercy
  We'll praise him by day and by night,
Rejoice in his glorious Gospel,
  And bask in his life-giving light,
Thus on to eternal perfection
  The honest and faithful will go,
While they who reject this glad message,
  Shall never with happiness know.

9

An angel from on high,
  The long, long silence broke,
Descending from the sky,
  These gracious words he spoke—
"Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill,
A sacred record lies concealed

Sealed by Moroni's hand,
  It has for ages lain,
To wait the Lord's command,
  From dust to speak again
It shall again to light come forth
To usher in Christ's reign on earth.

It speaks of Joseph's seed,
  And makes the remnant known
Of nations long since dead,
  Who once had dwelt alone
The fullness of the Gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view

The time is now fulfilled—
  The long-expected day
Let earth obedient yield,
  And darkness flee away!
Open the seals be wide unfurled
Its light and glory to the world.

Lo, Israel, filled with joy,
  Shall now be gathered home,
Their wealth and means employ
  To build Jerusalem,
While Zion shall arise and shine
And fill the earth with truth divine!

Missionary Elders Laboring in the Liverpool Conference

OF THE

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

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